

# PRES. FOUND SHOT!

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# FLUSH

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TUESDAY, JANUARY 24, 1956

## MAD ENGINEERS INHABIT CAMPUS

### G A A A A H !

## FIND EX-EDITOR'S SHORTS IN CO-ED'S APARTMENT!

(See Story on Page 3)

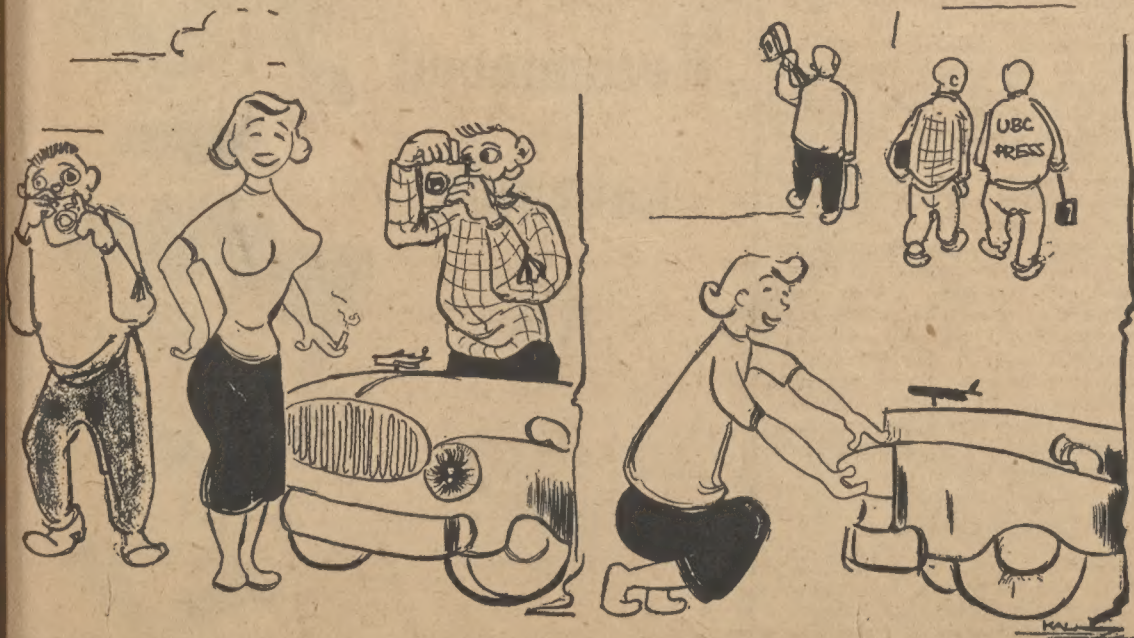
## RAPE BEHIND AG BLDG.!

(See Story on Page 4)

## RED FEATHER REJECTS MAN WEAK FROM HUNGER!

(See Story on Page 3)

### UBC CO-ED EXPOSED



This is the Queen chosen by Engineering students at the University of Alberta last year! Hardly the bathing beauty type, but perhaps she was the only candidate they could persuade to run! What sort of Queen will the Maniacs choose this year?



FLUSH

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Full Responsibility Borne By:  
RALPH BRINSMEAD,  
Editor-in-chief

# SEX OUTRAGEOUSLY MISUSED ON ALBERTA UNIVERSITY CAMPUS

In no place on the earth has the word "sex" been so outrageously misused and mishandled as on the campus of this university. Sept. 30, 1949 a male student (his name is mercifully withheld) while in the clutches of a morning daydream, inadvertently scrawled upon the top of notepad, "SEX". A female student (her name is unpro-

nouncible) discerned these three letters and screamed "eeraghahag."

Panic spread throughout the lecture room, dances were curtailed for the term, university officials put an 8 o'clock curfew on the campus and neighboring areas. The male student (actually a radical far too advanced for his age) packed up and emigrated to UBC.

The year referred to (1949) was the closing year of a period now referred to as the Degalfalaufan Age. Before the advent of psychology on our campus (and indeed upon all campuses), student hysteria concerning sex was noticeably absent. To be quite frank about it, few students realized that such a term existed. A prominent council member quite reasonably believed the term to be an abbreviation for Sextant. This has been referred to as the Shmeerakaen Age, or previous to Freud. During this age students were remarkably free of frustrations and inhibitions, these terms not having been invented yet.

Following 1949 we entered 1950. (This has been proved beyond reasonable doubt). The year 1950 was notable for a decided trend toward changes in awareness.

A social adaptation known as the wolf whistle appeared upon the quad. Two female students discerned a high pitched and fluctuating whistle somewhere behind them. Being dog lovers they turned about, and rushed uninhibitedly toward the point of origin, hoping to see an engineer calling his canine. The engineer was doing just that, but when he observed the girls rapidly bearing

had attracted them. Result: frustrated girls, frustrated engineer, frustrated dog. The fad spread despite this early setback and more adaptable scholars used it to some advantage (Notably Arts freshmen).

In the years following 1950 the University of Alberta was in the grip of a slowly evolving awareness of the male toward the female and visa versa. Detectable phenomena, sweater dances, sweaters, rise in Engineer Queen campaign enthusiasm, growing competition for quarters in Pembina.

With this growing awareness and the resultant spreading knowledge, words like "sex" became known even to medical and dental students. A survey revealed that only 35 per cent of all campus scholars failed to realize the implication of the word, while all but 15 per cent could at least spell it.

Observing this trend, enlightened individuals determined to make a comprehensive survey of the growth of sex upon this campus. The principle observations: sex exists (although in only rudimentary forms), girls seem to accept this existence (at least they tolerate it.) All signs seemed to indicate that we were indeed in the grips of an emotional revolution.

Figures were revealed to the student leaders and soon true radicals encouraged forming a free love society. We might indeed have been on a par with at least the University of Upper Cambodia.

However, enlightened the  
CONT'D ON PAGE 3



Its the usual thing to illustrate sexology articles with a picture of a voluptuous blond. The author has chosen to substitute in its place a picture of a Pteranodon from the Mesozoic Era. I realize that this will be of no help to sex novices, but neither is a voluptuous blond.

down upon him he forgot the dog and formed an association bond.

The stimulus (whistle) produced a new response (girls). Unfortunately, however, the student was indeed an engineer and did not know what to do with the girls once he

Poor

## PEOPLE'S

Letters

### SHOOT

To The Editor:

Your last edition was, without doubt, the lowest, crummiest, vilest edition you have yet published. In fact, I would say it is the lowest depth to which journalism can sink, except that I know your next edition will be even lower.

Why don't you do the world a favor and shoot yourself?

A Fan

### GRIND UP

To The Editor:

If possible, your last edition was even worse than the previous one. It was not even suitable to be ground up into papier mache!

An Avid Reader

### PULVERIZE

To The Editor:

Why don't you smarten up? Your paper is so lousy that last week, when the Boy Scouts came to our house collecting waste paper, they would not accept any copies of FLUSH!

Every edition of your paper should be pulverized and scattered to the four winds.

A Regular Subscriber

### DISCONTENTED

To The Editor:

Why don't you print your paper on rolls about four inches wide. Then perhaps we could find a use for it.

A Friend

### SATISFIED

To The Editor:

Your last edition was the goriest, slimiest, most uncouth, most obscene dirtiest, filthiest, rottenest thing I have ever seen in print.

Keep up the good work!

A Lecher

### IDIOTS ALL

To The Editor:

When the last editor of FLUSH

died in an insane asylum, I breathed a sigh of relief, hoping that your paper would improve.

Well, it still is the most idiotic rag on the market. The insanity of your news pages is exceeded only by the idiocy of your editorials.

Disgusted.

Editors Reply: DUHHH... DUHHH

## CAMPUS

## CONFIDENTIAL...

### With Willy

When will university officials realize that under a new ruling passed last year, men and women students can actually visit each other in the infirmary? It's high time something was done to remove this opportunity for moral degradation our students... Why did Nick Wickenden make a sneaky journey to Seattle last weekend? And who paid his train fare there just to see him?... Do certain members of the U of A hierarchy realize that there are both men and women on Students Council, and that these people sometimes meet in the Students Union building and the meetings often continue past 11 p.m.? What, we would like to know, goes on behind those closed doors???... And what goes on behind the drawn curtains of the Gateway office after 11 p.m.? We would MOST DEFINITELY like to know... What certain young lady(?) in Pent house '56 went out with two men and an engineer on the same night... The C.C.F. have the plans ready for a revolution if students should be silly enough to vote them into office.

It is understood from extremely reliable sources they would like to nationalize Tuck and sell COFFEE!! Personally, we like Tuck just the way it is, and want to see no changes... Do you know the REAL reason why John Bracco is a Liberal???... The Students Union should appoint a sub-committee to investigate the S.U.B. committee. Most of the pool balls are red... High time a light was put in the photography rooms of S.U.B. No telling what can develop in the dark... What's happening to the Saint in St. Steves? Did it get lost after what happened there last weekend??? Such goings-on should never be tolerated... Things are just as bad at St. Joe's. What kind of sexual depravity would lead a group of students to throw another into shower with his clothes ON? Not even the decency to undress him... Who was the notorious ethanol thief who loaded the campus copper's revolver with blanks?... What goes on in the DG House after midnight? It's time there was a clean-up of the fraternity houses on this campus. The DG's aren't the only ones... University officials deny that bootlegging goes on in the North Lab, but that's not the whole story. What are they trying to hide? The huts?... It has now been definitely established that the tunnel between the hospital and Nurses Residence is NOT lined with filthy pictures. They're dusted every week; the better ones oftener... It's not true the milk in Caf is spiked. It's just old... Why were engineers of a certain branch who are sponsoring a certain co-ed as a queen candidate in a certain ladies' wear store the other day purchasing a certain pair of objects. Offhand, we'd say there was a point or two to their purchase. Praise the Lord and pass the padding.

Athabasca A 2865

Lonely male, 3 ft. 9 in., tall, dark and handsome, no dough, wishes to meet co-ed, 3 ft. 8 in. or less, rich, blond and beautiful. No midgets please.

## GIANT SALE

of

DEFINITELY UNUSED

## MATTRESSES

Due to the unexpected liquidation of our club, we are selling our entire assets at

FANTASTIC SAVINGS

Free Love Society

3 Out  
Of 4  
Drunks  
Recommend  
Labratt's  
Ale





FROM PAGE 1

# 'I USE DOPE' ADMITS GUILTY CAMPUS CO-ED

Three University of Alberta students have admitted dope addiction and were remanded in Court today to next week for sentence.

The three, Sly Druler, eng. 3; John T. Peabogartus Zachary Winterbottom (not again!), arts 2; and Joy Insecks, physiotherapy 2; were apprehended while applying the dope.

In her testimony, Miss Insecks admitted using dope.

"I used dope," she admitted. Druler and Winterbottom pleaded not guilty to the charge. "It was her done it," Druler blobbered, pointing a shaky finger at Miss Insecks.

On the stand, Winterbottom pointed a shaky finger at Miss Insecks and slobbered: "It was her done it."

(Which may point out the essential difference between an engineer and an artsman. One blobbers; the other slobbers.—Ed.)

In remanding the snivelling duo and the courageous girl, the magistrate said he could not understand why girls, especially of Miss Joy Inseck's magnificent proportions, should spend their

time using dope. "Painting model airplanes is no occupation for you," he said. He invited the girl to visit him before she was sentenced so he could give her a lesson in rehabilitation.

## FLUSH EXPOSES MISUSE OF STUDENT FUNDS BY MOCK PARLIAMENT

By Slick Chickenden

Scandalous misuses of student monies has been revealed to FLUSH! At least 50 dollars of student funds will be misused by student parties in Mock Parliament, it appears at this time.

Students Council, in its efforts to support Mock Parliament, permitted parties to solicit advertising and gave each party a bonus of ten dollars to help defray election expenses.

Inside sources have disclosed to FLUSH that all save one of the parties has received more money in subscriptions than will be spent on the campaign. FLUSH predicts, however, that they still will take the ten-dollar grant from Students Council.

FLUSH further predicts that this money will be spent on Johnny Walker or some such similar product.

FLUSH demands that Students Council withhold payments to the political parties lest each of the 45 members to be elected come to the parliamentary session absolutely sloshed! They should have enough difficulty in being coherent without Demon Rum tying their tongues.

# Agriculture Experimental Plots North-West Of Ag Building Scene Of Several Rapes

Rape, a plant used for medicinal purposes, is being grown in the agricultural experimental plots immediately north-west of the Agricultural building.

Samples of several varieties of the plant are being grown for cross-breeding experiments.

The plant, which resembles somewhat a large mustard plant, is becoming an important crop in some sections of this province. In the Lac la Biche area of Northern Alberta, it is a big money crop, grown to be sold as registered seed.

Advantages of the plant to the farmers include: it produces an excellent yield, even on over-cultivated land, the yield is around 70 bushels

per acre, but the price is nearly as high per bushel as that of wheat; there is a steady, lively demand for it.

Parts of Saskatchewan, as well, have become almost exclusively rape-growing areas. The Carrot River Valley, near Melfort, Sask. is the most notable such area.

Rape, therefore, has become a vital crop in the agricultural economy of the West, prompting the Agriculture department emphasis on research concerning it.

CONT'D FROM PAGE 2

forementioned survey was, investigators failed to detect the trail of an insidious mental delusion that now threaten the entire U of A sexual foundation. This new scourge precedes a period of sexual regression.

The delusion we (the enlightened ones) must face was first detected in an interview with one Thomas L. Mouse, Eng. 3. Mr. Mouse could not (even to the most absurd stretches of imagination) have been called "ordinary", (even if your imagination was like a girdle you couldn't stretch it that far).

His manner of dress was not out of the way (orange corduroy pants, white bucks, sea green V-necked sweater, curly hair on the chest), but his attitude was. There are extracts from that interview.

Examiner: "Mr. Mouse, do you accept girls at their face value or do you believe them to be insincere?"

Mouse: "What are girls?"

Examiner: "That in the sweater over there is a girl."

Mouse: "That is merely a figment of your imagination. (Figment holds the key to this delusion, fig being a

CONT'D ON PAGE 4

## MOLDY, DECOMPOSED

### Stewart Found Shot

President Andrew Stewart found a package of BB shot under the front steps of his home yesterday. "The shot was moldy and many of the BB's had decomposed from erosion" he told reporters.

The discovery occurred while Dr. Stewart was searching for a litter of kittens he was certain the family cat, Toby, has given birth to. The cat had been leading a scandalous life for some time this fall, and had become noticeably pregnant. She had appeared yesterday, however, much slimmer than before, prompting the search for her new-born family.

Journal reporters rushed to the scene upon hearing of the BB shot incident. Informed sources say the incident will appear as lead article in the Social Events column.

The kittens eventually were discovered on a rag in a dark corner of the basement of the Stewart home. Born under hideously unsanitary conditions, the mother unattended, one of the

kittens had died. The remainder of the litter, six animals, were born blind. It was not immediately known if this condition would be permanent.

Officials of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals are investigating, and expect to lay charges (against Toby).

## WICKENDEN EXPOSED

### Jockey Shorts Discovered

A pair of jockey shorts, owned by Nick Wickenden, Arts 4, former editor of The Gateway (1955) were found in the bedroom of a certain co-ed student recently.

The scandal came to light when the co-ed was caught slipping the shorts to Wickenden at a Gateway staff meeting. They were encased in a large box, so as to disguise the contents.

But alert Gateway staffers insisted that Wickenden open the box before their eyes, which he did very reluctantly.

Wickenden had nothing to say in his defense except, "That sure was a great weekend we had in Saskatoon, eh?"

The shorts were stolen from Wickenden from his laundry, while on a

excursion to a Western Canadian University Press conference last fall. A mischievous female staffer, Ruth Jettkant, was responsible for the deed. She had kept the shorts in her bedroom for some weeks while deciding what to do with them.

The shorts in question are a masterpiece of design. Although Wickenden is noted as a conservative dresser, they reveal that deep within him there is a desire to be flashy. White in color, the shorts are liberally sprinkled with red hearts.

Comments that Wickenden wears his heart in the wrong place were circulated among the staff following the viewing of the garment. When excited, Wickenden's heart does not rise to his mouth — it sinks even lower into his pants.

In fact, the shorts quite evidently are the cause of his habitual downhearted appearance.

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# Varsity Book Store



## FLUSH EXPOSES

# 'Carrells' Scene Of Sordid Sex

A Flush reporter has learned through reliable sources that there is sex in great quantities in the stacks of the Rutherford Library. Private boudoirs known as "carrells" have been set up for senior students supposedly for the purpose of "studying in private".

According to reports, however, these "private locations" are being used by most students for sleeping purposes. Lurid books lurk in the stacks and the "students" frequently take them to their carrells, poring over them far into the night or looking for pictures.

To most students, the stacks represent something mysterious, never quite defined but referred to knowingly by senior students, who must submit an application for a "stack-

pass" and be investigated thoroughly before receiving it.

When questioned closely about the stacks, they freely admit taking books off to their carrells, where they become absorbed in the details, set them aside to talk with visitors or pursue their sleeping activities.

Not only are the actions of this minority group of students a deplorable example to the junior students, but grossly unfair to decent people who wish to have a quiet place to catch up on their studies.

The stacks set-up has apparently become out of hand during the past few months and it would be wise for the librarians to periodically check on the shameful antics of this minority.

Are these the students to whom the three R's mean Rye, Rum and Revelry? Should the stacks and carrells be given to those who will

put them to their intended purpose continually and not use them as a place to relax?

These are the questions that need answering, and Flush has the answer. Reporters on the job are investigating the carrells and a complete report will be published in our next issue.

## UNIVERSITY IMPLICATED

## CRAP GAME UNVEILED

It is time to reveal one of the biggest shame spots in the history of the University of Alberta. Yesterday, tipped off by sharp headed, and sharp-eyed Wilbur V. Droopsnoot police made a clean sweep on what Corporal Roland Dice of the R.C.M.P. referred to as "the biggest floating crap game in the history of Edmonton." (That goes for Calgary too.)

At 2:30 one cold clear morning a small flotilla of rowboats, canoes, runabouts and a submarine converged on one of the ships lying off the Smacdonald Hotel in the North Saskatchewan River. You may have noticed a long, rakishly low and powerful craft equipped with neon lights advertising "Bingo Here." This ship, the Noak's Ark, actually was a floating sin ship equipped with the latest in gambling devices such as two-headed coins, round dice, and pin ball machines with square balls. The most shocking, most horrendous, most, most, hmmm, wonderful part is that it was designed especially for the students at the University of Alberta and was run by their professors.

When asked why he entered this nefarious business, dealer Cyrus U. Slottery, said, "Well, ya know, it don't pay too dam much teaching the kids these days and besides this is a lot more exciting than reading a lot a 'crummy essays'." University President Stu "Scarface" Wart, questioned after making a futile attempt to swim out of town, "yeah, it's got so a cleancut guy wit a Ph.D. can't even make honest livin' cheating at bridge."

Mr. Droopsnoot, belonging to the Faculty of Streetcleaning, who had tipped off the Morality Squad, the Vice Squad, the R.C.M.P., and the Las Vegas Chamber of Commerce,

## Engineers 123456

Nine hundred lonely engineers, halitosis, acne, young but tired, unathletic, lazy, alcoholic, penniless, physically degenerate, morally degenerate, homely, uncouth, sloppily dressed, interested in booze and talking about selves, wish to meet co-eds of any type who don't care who they date, before Engineer's Ball Saturday. Object, trying to talk you into going to Engineers' Ball.

## Lawyer 44578

If there is a lonely co-ed on this campus between ages of 80 and 90, athletic, wealthy, interested in jiving, swimming, skating, tennis, curling, going to Palace Gardens, and wishing to meet earnest young man, lonely and penniless then I would like to hear from her.

## Romeo 1585

Is there a young co-ed of 14 years on this campus named Juliet? Despite the objections of my family, I would like to meet you, if despite the objections of your family you would like to meet me. Wear your mask and meet me at the ball.

## 'Take That, You Cad!'

## LADIES' JUDO

In Victorian times members of the female sex were protected by strict social convention, stiff backed chairs, and large dogs generally named Penelope. Ladies survived this protection quite well and their kind persisted up to the 1930's — later called the "doity toity's." Later, due to lack of funds, dresses shot up to the knees, weak backs were installed on chairs, and large dogs couldn't

be fed.

The situation was noticeably bright for the average male (in the 1900's called a cad) until a Japanese suffragette invented "Judo".

The word Judo has a Japanese meaning — if you touch me I'll break your neck — and a Canadian meaning — I dare you!

The Judo fad spread from Japan to the Western Hemisphere and would have reached our campus much sooner if it hadn't been for World War II and an Anti-Asian policy.

1955 is the year that historians will look back on, as the year that things really started on our campus. It wasn't too serious at first, a few items in the Gateway mentioned it, girls seemed a bit more adventurous, and then it happened! JUDO CLUB FORMED ON CAMPUS! Practices started, and 35 male students emigrated to UBC. Engineering jackets, before this characterized by special pockets, came with attachable arm slings and plaster casts.

Campus men are creating new ways of greeting each other. It was, "How did you make out last night, Jack?" "Now it is, What hospital is it this week boy?"

The first question in men's minds regarding ladies judo is, —is it a sport or is it a scourge? Sports writers tend to treat judo as a sport as it livens up the sports page. Considering judo as an athletic activity here are some of the rules and regulations;

(a) A girl must not cripple more than one eligible male an evening.

(b) If possible inflict only minor injuries e.g. a broken back.

(c) Don't drink while maiming.

Definitions;  
The flip; Male attentive, then too attentive. An overhead flying movement characterized by a crunching sound as the neck is driven into the shoulders.

The smash; A backward sideways pushing motion driving teeth forward into the floor.

The girls are very enthusiastic about their club and members have a slogan in mind — Let's not rest while a campus man still walks!

## Red Feather Strikes Again!

## 'Go Starve Elsewhere', Community Chest Tells Man

The Community Chest has rejected the appeals of a starving man!

Prof. F. D. Wackley of the University of Alberta history department was coldly refused when he appeared in the bread line at Red Feather headquarters recently. "My pay check ran out on the second of the month" he gasped to the workers in charge. "I haven't eaten in two weeks."

Prof. Wackley was so emaciated that reporters of The Edmonton Journal who were present started to write his obituary upon seeing him. "This'll make a nice filler between the Hudsons Bay and Eaton's ad's," one was reported to have said gleefully.

Officials denied aid to Prof. Wackley because, said one official, "He is gainfully employed. Strictly against our rules to help him, you know. Besides, he has no reason to starve. Why doesn't he go to the faculty teas?"

Prof. Wackley explained in an exclusive interview with FLUSH that he had spent the whole of his pay check at the Tri Service ball. "At a buck a drink, even the phenomenal

wage paid to history professors doesn't go very far", he explained.

## CONT'D FROM PAGE 3

middle eastern fruit. Man originated in the Middle East. Early man ate figs four times a day, the day being longer then. Early women covered themselves with fig leaves. Men naturally associated women with figs. Some dope later lengthened the word to "figment" and later introduced "imagination." Hence the delusion.)

Mouse's doctrine has taken root in many male minds. Campus men find it satisfying to pass off a frustrating evening as merely an imagination figment. Girls, however, find it difficult to realize that they don't exist.

Due to the fact that this delusion is in its embryonic stages, identifying phenomena are scarce. The author makes a closing prediction, however. The above movement is spreading through the Engineering Faculty at such an alarming rate that in 1956, the Engineers will realize the stupidity of sponsoring figments in a Queen Contest, and will create a dog show instead.

## Advice To The Love Starved

Dear Miss Pasteface,

I have two perfectly wonderful boys rushing me at present. Tommy is blonde, blue-eyed, intelligent, a terrific dancer; but he's terribly possessive. Gary, on the other hand, has a Buick convertible, his own oilwell and a complete set of English 2 notes, but he can't jive!

Both have asked me to go steady. Which should I choose?

Sincerely,

Room 243, Pembina.

Dear Room 243,

You take Gary. I like blondes!

Dear Miss Pasteface,

My problem is that boys only date me once. At this rate how will I ever get a man? I'm in fourth year honors physics, five-foot-nine and weigh 170 pounds.

My hobbies are crocheting, Judo, finger painting and soccer.

The boys always refuse me the second time I ask them out. Please tell me how to hold a man.

Sincerely,

Toodles.

Dear Toodles,

You're in a bad way, kid!

However, with your hysical prowess it should be an easy matter to tackle some sleepy-eyed specimen as he staggers across the quad at 8:30 in the morning.

In your case, I strongly suggest force instead of tact.

Dear Miss Pasteface,

Time is running out. Here it is Jan 24 and I don't have a date for the Engineers' Ball!

Personally, I can't understand it, since my S.A. rating is 31868. Why, just last week at the Palace Gardens I was besieged with offers — but not for the Engineers' Ball.

I'm a well-rounded personality and enjoy singing, dancing, necking, drinking . . . need I say more? Tell me, Miss Pasteface, how can I get a date for the Ball?

Of course, he must have certain qualifications — a car, looks, personality and other desirable characteristics.

Sincerely,

Dateless

Dear Dateless,

I really don't see how the Engineers could have missed you.

However, we will soon remedy this situation. Try sitting alone at a booth in Tuck between the hours of 9 p.m. and 11 p.m. Tuesday and Wednesday nights. If you achieve no satisfactory results in this way, try phoning the following number stating your qualifications and your

problem. The number is 393495, that of "Nature Boy" Parkinson, the most photographed male (or the male of whom most has been photographed). He's MY type!

Dear Miss Pasteface,

I am very popular with the boys, being a luscious babe, 5 ft. 3 ins., 115 lbs., 36-24-36, blonde, a good dancer, with a nice personality. As a result, I get plenty of dates. But here is my problem.

Every time I go out with a medical student, he says his professor has told him to brush up on his anatomy, and proceeds to get fresh. Every time I go out with an Engineer, he just can't stop exploring and experimenting. Every Education student I go out with says he'd like to teach me something. Commerce students are continually taking measurements and surveys and making calculations. In fact, I've come to the conclusion that the only decent, respectable, gentlemanly men on this campus are the Artsmen.

But Artsmen are so much in demand for dates that I haven't had the chance to go out with one for two years. What should I do?

Yours,

Marilyn M.

Dear Marilyn M.,

I fully sympathize with you. In fact, if you learn how to get dates with Artsmen, write me. I've been longing to go with one of them myself for years. Sigh!

Dear Miss Pasteface,

I have been going with a medical student for ten years, while he has taken his Doctor of Medicine, Doctor of Surgery, Doctor of Neurology, Doctor of Pediatrics, Doctor of Pathology and Doctor of Whoknowsology. In the meantime, I have waited contentedly for him.

However, I am concerned because he seems inattentive. In fact, I am sure he is more attentive to his cadavers than to me. What should I do?

Sincerely,

Frustrated.

Dear Frustrated,

Drop dead.

## LONELY?

Pembina B591

Refined co-ed, real single, flat chested (naturally), 6'9", 120 lbs., wishes to meet real rich frat boy with convertible. No basketball coaches please. Age 28.